

For all communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily published, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

MOTHER'S ROOM.

I've wandered long and wandered far,
My land and sea and sky and air,
And vivid lights of later years
Have cast a shade of youthful days
But in the palace of my mind
In Arctic snow or tropic bloom,
My loving heart remembers well
Each trill in my mother's room.
In Tartar tents, at midnight hour,
The Asian moon high in the sky,
I've seen the crimson-curtained room,
The coal fire blazing merrily,
The red geraniums, fuchsias, musk,
That made the southern windows fair,
The basket full of needlework,
The gaily cushioned rocking-chair.
And often, too, in brilliant halls,
Among the beautiful and gay,
A sudden silence or a fall—
I see the room in my mother's hall—
The white-haired mother in her chair,
The singing and the laughing,
The open Bible on the stand,
The sunshine streaming o'er its page.
O, mother! mother! mother! dear!
Within thy room so sweet and calm,
To think of thee in my prayer,
Thy memory is like a psalm.
When I was but a little lad,
With Dick and Janet at my knee,
I did not love thee half so well,
I did not love thee half so well.
Now, little Janet dwells afar,
And Dick has found his portion home,
While I, in eager restless life,
Far over land and ocean roam,
But O! how oft in dawn's early light,
And in the evening's tender gloom,
We meet again, in loving thought,
By mother's side, in mother's room!
—Little E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.

A MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

A life all wild and tempest-driven,
A soul all reckless and unshy,
A heart all wild and tempest-driven,
In love with pride and passion,
Such is the man whose tears implore thee,
Whose stern heart melts and pleads before thee.
When I was a very harmless and
Kindly boy of nineteen I wrote that
verse as a description of myself. Worse,
I was proud of the production, and be-
lieved myself a born poet as well as a
desperate lover. Perhaps there are passing
disturbances in the brain cells which pro-
duce manias so innocent that they escape
medical attention, and which may some-
times really one might easily take some fatal
step while he is not a responsible being.
Certain it is that during a few weeks of
hallucination, from which I emerged
cool and sane, my fate was decided,
the lot of a married man was marked
out for me. Yes, that unhappy sum-
mer. Well, I'll set down events in their
proper sequence.
"Jack, I've seen her! I've seen her!"
I said to Jack Clements, bounding in
upon him one hot June Sunday, about
—never mind how many years ago, for
there's a lady in the case, and she
doesn't look her age.
"Seen whom?" drawled Jack.
"The loveliest girl in the world.
She sits about half way up the middle
side in St. Mark's Church. Fair hair,
blue eyes, slight figure, I think, a
dove-colored frock. Who is she, Jack?"
Such a question was not hopeless in
those days, when well-to-do New York
lived within narrower boundaries.
"Let's see," said Jack. "Humph!
ugly mouth, longish nose? That's
Miss Finn."
"No, no; red putting lips, nose like
wax-work."
"I know," Jack asserted with confi-
dence. "Bad complexion, stooping
shoulders; that's—"
"This girl has a skin like a white
rose leaf," I interrupted.
"Hat just so! Sickly-looking rather?"
Jack suggested. "A sweet, sugar-and-
water sort of smile, and killing dim-
ples."
"Sugar-and-water smile!" I echoed,
much disgusted. "She has dimples—
yes."
"That," said Jack, "is Eleanor Ford.
I know her. Like to be introduced, eh?"
"Like it! O, Jack, you're my best
friend!" and I seized Jack's powerful
hand in my slight fingers.
He shook me off, and crying me up
and down, remarked: "You're going to
fall in love."
"Going to?—I am in love."
"You've got the sentimental fever;
most boys have it, early or late. You're
rather early, just nineteen last week,"
Jack went on, in his merciless mat-
ter-of-fact way, and a very slender, pret-
ty, rosy-cheeked chap you are. The
fever will go hard with you, my gentle
Colly. By-the-way, how's the Comet?
—financially, I mean."
Now I hated to be called "Colly," my
name being Collingwood Graham. I
hated to be called rosy-cheeked, and
I hated to be questioned about the
Comet's finances. The fact was, in con-
sideration of certain capital only as-
cribed by my father, I was connected
with that struggling and short-lived
daily paper known as the Comet; and I
fully believed that the destiny of the
nation hung upon my contributions.
"You'd better," observed Jack, "get
into some paying business—groceries
or dry goods, or something marketable."
"There are matters of more impor-
tance than hides and leather," I re-
marked, reflecting on Jack's mercantile
pursuits.
"But a good hide means value in any
age of the world and among any peo-
ple," retorted Jack. "I believe in the
tangible Colly. Now if I were in love
with a girl, I'd be careful to bring her
wealthy something good to eat."
"Ah, Caliban!" said I, surveying
Jack's immense bulk and full, hand-
some face with easy contempt, "you
don't understand the higher emotions."
"Humph!" was Caliban's only an-
swer.
Within twenty-four hours Jack took
me to one of those big houses in Bond
Street (near me Bond Street was a
fine neighborhood then), and pro-
nounced the happy words: "Miss Ford,
my friend, Mr. Graham."
I made an enraptured murmur.
She attempted to open a conversation,
and I only bent her a distracted stare.
Clements gave me a look and a few re-
marks in tragic jerks, sighed deeply,
then fell into melancholy contempla-
tion, my gaze riveted on Eleanor's face.
While in this attitude of pensive
adoration I became conscious that the
folding-doors at the end of the parlor
were softly pushed apart, and a pair of
very bright eyes were directed upon me.
"Don't open the door in that way,
Midge," she explained to us. "Her real
name is Adelaide, but we call her
Midge because it seems to fit her bet-
ter."

sat on one foot and industriously swung
the other.
I resumed the speechless worship,
but presently came an explosion of
spontaneous laughter from Midge.
Then the young wild-cat jumped up,
clapped both hands on her heart,
sighed deeply, with a rushing, audible
breath, ejaculated "O my!" and with
another fusillade of tittering ran out of
the room.
At parting I asked Eleanor, in a fer-
vent way, "When may I come again?"
She answered, half jestingly, "O, to-
morrow, if you like."
Enraptured, delighted, I scarcely
know how I reached the sidewalk, but
I just remember hearing Jack Clements
say, with a round oath, "You made a
confounded fool of yourself."
Then I rushed to my boarding house,
paced my room several hours, and pro-
duced a poem, of which I sent copies to
the Comet and to Eleanor simultaneously:
But yesterday I fain would stay
The rosy hours' feetness,
Moodily I was searching an answer to
The half that joy and sweetness.
Yet, love, to-night each moment's flight
Is like a year of sorrow,
Time drags so slow, sweet and low,
And I would fain be here to-morrow.
To-morrow? Yes, and we shall bliss
And so I sailed on through a dozen
my worst misfortune.
The next evening I said to Eleanor:
"O, Miss Ford, if you will only permit
me to pour out my feelings in poetry?"
"I'm very fond of verses," she an-
swered, diplomatically.
"I couldn't sleep last night," I in-
formed her, in thrilling tones. "I sat
thinking of you."
She received the compliment gra-
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feel there is some magnetic bond be-
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some—"
The speech was cut short. From the
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